

BISMARCK.

When you read about the Foreign Disposition, (Temple Bar.)

Bismarck we know, and we are acquainted with those of his political views to the third and fourth degrees of mediocrity; but few could "put faces" on the names of de Giers, Karavoloff, Andrassy, Tisza, Taaffe, Karavoloff, Garachanin, Robilant, and others, whose powers of influence extend over the larger half of Europe, men who are important factors in all international relations, and who ought not, therefore, to be unknown quantities.

Here the name of M. de Giers starts up, and it is a name that must be mentioned with respect, for M. de Giers is the most honest and pacific minister Russia has ever had at its Foreign Office. But he has no real power. For a long time secretaries of State, Gortchakoff, succeeded the latter as minister, but not as chancellor, his nomination being due primarily to his admirable business capacities; secondly, to his most agreeable manners; and, thirdly, to the fact that the Czar wishes to keep the foreign policy of the empire under his own control, and would not have been possible had a man like Ignatieff or Count Peter Schouvaloff, or Prince Lobanoff been appointed. M. de Giers comes from a Swedish-Finn family of Jewish extraction. He is a slight, careworn-looking man, with haggard eyes, thin hands, and a nervous smile. In demeanor, he is a man of the world, and to a fault, he is liked by most of the officials and diplomats of his department, who are accustomed to find in him the greatest indulgence for all blunders or breaches of duty. A gentle rebuke for failure, a shake of the head for excess of zeal, is all they have from the Duke of Devonshire, intriguing Pan Slavists, and impatient generalists, as "the Jew." Unfortunately, M. de Giers, who is by nature benevolent, cautious, and truthful, is mostly engaged in assuming responsibilities and inventing explanations for acts committed without his approval or cognizance, either by the Czar himself or by men whose exploits he condones. After the Penjdeh incident M. de Giers tendered his resignation in a Cabinet council. Alexander III, brought down his hand with a slap on the council table, and cried: "We are not in a constitutional country, and you will remain in office as long as I want you." This incident gives the measure of M. de Giers' power. He is the Emperor's servant, and faithful.

The Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs since 1881 has been Count Gustav Kalnoky, who succeeded Baron Haymerle. The latter was elevated to his high post on the mysterious and still unexplained resignation of Count Julius Andrassy, who, though out of office, remains by far the most capable authority on foreign affairs in Austria-Hungary.

Count Andrassy was eminently fitted to be the chief of the first Hungarian Cabinet. He was, and is to this day, the most typical impersonation of the Magyar nobleman. Of middle height and elegant figure, with curly hair, bushy mustache and beard, a flashing eye, bright smile, and ready tongue, he bears himself gallantly, and his actions, like his talk, are full of dash. His quickness of repartee is as the straight thrust of a skilled fencer. Haymerle tackled obediently under Bismarck's orders; but when he died a much more eager, able, and adroit advocate of the three emperors' alliance appeared in Count Kalnoky, who was named to the Foreign Office from the Embassy at St. Petersburg. Kalnoky is diametrically the opposite of Andrassy. He is a slim man—"a head less than Bismarck." Viennese was very bad, with an eye-glass, a military moustache, a still gall, a frowning expression, and a supercilious smile. He effects to give diplomats a minor degree of confidence. He is unmarried, not addicted to hospitality (there has been no ball at the Foreign Office since he came there), and he never absent himself from his post more than three or four days at a time. His defect is conceit; his qualities are untiring industry, a ready tongue, a temper, and really remarkable talents as a linguist. English he learned well; he speaks it with faultless ease. As Foreign Minister it has been Count Kalnoky's object to remain the subservient protégé of Prince Bismarck—whom he sees regularly once a year—and to promote the cause of German Austria and Russia. It was with the most tranquil satisfaction that he watched the Afghan imbroglio draw Russia away from European affairs, and with utter dismay that he heard of the revolution at Philippopolis, which suddenly rephased the Eastern question. His lack of authority was then shown in his inability to restrain the Russian minister, who had been so successful in stopping the Bulgarians at the moment when they were about to win a decisive victory over King Milan. All through the Eastern crisis he proved that he was not a helmsman who could be trusted in a gale; and if his system of nervous little concessions to Russia should ever acquire diplomatic success, it was in making Russia graspingly at more than Austria-Hungary can allow her to take. Count Kalnoky will certainly have to retire. His successor, but would more probably be M. Benjamin de Kallay, now Finance Minister of the empire.

M. de Kallay is a handsome man of middle age, with a good figure, a most intellectual head, soft, dreamy eyes, and fascinating conversational powers. Besides being Minister of Finance for the empire, he is Administrator of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and spends several weeks every year travelling about these provinces to promote public works and acquaint himself with the wishes and grievances of the inhabitants. He is generally liked and trusted, and should it happen that there will be no occasion for his services at the Foreign Office he will doubtless become the next Hungarian Prime Minister in succession to M. Tisza.

M. Kolman Tisza has now been nearly eleven years in office as Premier of a liberal administration. The influence which he exercises in Austria-Hungary is hardly understood in England. When a country has just been endowed with parliamentary institutions the candidates for office are many, and the competition keen. It is no small thing under such circumstances for a man to hold the premiership for more than ten years. Nothing in M. Tisza's outward appearance, ordinary manner, or conversation explains his success. He looks like a Jew old-clothesman. Hook-nosed, spectacled, with stooping shoulders, unkempt beard, and long gray hair trailing over the collar of a shabby coat, he is no imposing personage. He wears the bluest of hats, and smokes cheap cigars all day long. He is a man of few words. Disdainful of little courtesies, he never tries to ingratiate himself, and does not seem to care who offends by his brusqueness. He is not a fine orator, nor a great financier, nor a bold party manager—yet he is the most popular man in Hungary, and the most re-

spected. His inordinate speeches are more telling than those of any other man, his administration is masterly; and apparently without the slightest effort, he holds a large, restless, jiving party in hand like a well-broken team.

One can praise M. Tisza without disparaging the younger leader of the Hungarian Conservative party. Count Albert Apponyi is the greatest statesman of his country, and he would take rank with the leading statesmen of any country, though he is not yet forty years old. Tall, fair, with a blonde beard, a pink complexion, and clear blue eyes, his face is of a Saxon, and not the Magyar type.

From Hungary we may pass back to Austria, from M. Tisza to Count Taaffe, who has been Prime Minister of the Austrian monarchy since 1879. Count Taaffe is an Irish peer, whose family have been settled in Austria since the deposition of the Stuarts. He is by far the most influential personage in the empire, for the Emperor has his strongest affection for him, treats him as *amantissimo*, and takes his advice in all things. He is a short, stoutish man, with a rather Italian head, long, straight, black hair, a skipping sort of walk, twinkling eyes, and a Rabelaisian mouth, broadened by continual smiling and laughter. Taaffe is not very learned, for he speaks no language well except German. He taught history very little about him goes on in foreign countries. His business now is to govern Austria and manage the Reichsrath, and he confines himself to that.

The National party in Bulgaria is headed by M. Petko Karavoloff. Ten years ago this M. Karavoloff was a shaggy-looking, slovenly young professor at Moscow. He taught history and geography to one of the public schools and gave lessons in private families; and this was only part of his work, for his principal business was to correspond as a Pan Slavist agent with insurrectionary committees in East Roumelia. The village of Koprivtchitsa, in which he was born, was the scene of the Revolt of 1876 broke out. Two years after this Bulgaria was emancipated and had a constitution. In 1879 M. Karavoloff was elected to the Sobranie as a Radical; in 1880 he became Cabinet Minister; in 1881 Prince Alexander abolished the constitution, and M. Karavoloff had to fly to Philippopolis. However, Prince Alexander's Russian advisers, who were not without their own aims, after having privily instigated him to perpetrate it, and they promoted so much agitation that the constitution had to be restored. Then M. Karavoloff returned in triumph from Philippopolis, and became Prime Minister in his turn. Up to then M. Zankoff had been the persistent foe of Russian domination in Bulgaria, while M. Karavoloff had been for the country completely under the Russian yoke. Coming into office, M. Karavoloff altered his mind, and M. Zankoff did the same, each doing the other's discarded opinions. At Philippopolis M. Karavoloff had conspired with the Russians against Prince Alexander, and he conspired with the Russians, he conspired with the Prince, but for him, against the Russians. The result was the revolution of September, 1885, at Philippopolis; and a further result has been that M. Zankoff, the whilom Russophile party, is now the active chief of a Russophile party, which is trying to undo the work of that revolution. How all this will end, and what other of those secrets pertaining to the ultimate solution of the Eastern question.

The story of a Statute.

Visitors to the Louvre will have noticed a remarkable little marble statue labelled "A Young Athenian Girl." The story of its discovery and acquisition, just disclosed by the *Temps*, forms a curious page in the history of antiquities. A peasant of Patisia, while digging in the fields, accidentally discovered the statue, which he sold to a Greek for a few francs. The Greek forbids the exportation of ancient objects of art found in the country, and that foreign amateurs are always ready to pay a high price for them, he at once took it home and hid it under a heap of fags. He then went to the French Ambassador, who was well known to him, and offered it to him for 12,000 francs. The Ambassador repaired secretly to the possessor's dwelling to examine it, and found it a *belle fide* gem of the fourth century. He telegraphed the discovery to the French Minister of Fine Arts, who authorized him to conclude the bargain. But there was a serious difficulty in the sale of the statue. When companies are organized and mills set to work it is expected that these fields will give an average return of an ounce per ton, and that the total cost of extracting the gold, mining royalties, and other charges will not be more than 15 shillings per ton.

It is pretty well ascertained that the Patisia formation in the Transvaal runs the parallel of 26° south, from the Lebombo Mountains on the east to the boundary of British Bechuanaland on the west. The latest reef discovery has been on the Malindi river, near Zeerust, and only fourteen miles from Mafeking.

At Krynna, within the Cape Colony, it has now been established that gold-bearing quartz veins exist, although the few tests hitherto made have not given great results. From some of the surface quartz only seven pennyweights have been extracted, but selected specimens have yielded equal to four ounces per ton. The Government is at the present time having a run of the quartz crushed and assayed before determining whether the district of the Krynna may be proclaimed as a gold field or not. With the advantages of plentiful wood and water, and near proximity to an excellent port, the Krynna gold field may prove payable much more than the smaller average result attracts attention at De Kaap and Witwatersrand.

The most interesting person who claimed the honor of shaking hands with the President last Tuesday was Elias Polk (colored), the old body servant of ex-President Polk. Considerable attention was shown the old man, who bears his eighty-one years remarkably well. He was shown over the house, and was particularly pleased with the pictures of his former master and his present mistress. He remarked that the building had been very much changed since the good old time. Elias lives with Mrs. Polk at her old home in Nashville, Tenn. He has determined to see every President while he lives, and boasts that he has now seen every one of them from John Quincy Adams. His visit to Washington was merely to see President Cleveland, in whom he takes a special interest, because he is a "Democrat of the old school." Elias says that his aged mistress lives in retirement, and receives very little company. She is getting very feeble, and she would wish to be troubled. "She is only three years older than I am," the old man said, "but you'd think I was forty years younger." Elias says the Tennessee Legislature still observes the custom of calling on Mrs. Polk in a body to pay their respects at the beginning of every session.

received in England seem almost fabulous. Elizabeth, who did not need the eulogies of William the Silent to teach her what her men were worth, broke out into one of the rages which passed for sorrow in this lioness woman. She had torned Sidney with her capricious; she had led some of the bolts of her tempest upon him when with signal courage he had solemnly reproved her; she had even spited him in the person of his family, and driven him from her Court; but she knew his value. Whether she ever liked him as she personally liked Raleigh or Essex, we do not know; but she spoke of him, now and then, as "that inconsiderate fellow," and for weeks she was dangerous to approach."

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD.

Fortune-seekers pouring into the country—Natal and Transvaal.

(Cape Town letter to the London Times.)

The development of the gold fields continues to absorb public attention. From every town and village in South Africa during the past three weeks a stream of fortune-seekers have wended their way to the De Kaap and Witwatersrand. The population of the latter has more than doubled, and is daily increasing; stands for building and business sites are being eagerly purchased there; new syndicates are being formed and new companies floated. The total capital of all the gold-mining companies is stated to be not far short of 2,000,000 pounds, while their value, as represented by the ruling share prices, is nearly double that amount. In many cases the realization of returns is a long way off, as there is no machinery immediately available for the development of the properties; in other instances some of the companies have been—even with very successful appliances—very unsuccessful; and it is the latter that the hand of commerce return from "company promoting," which has been the incentive to so much speculation.

The Sheba Reef Company has presented a report to their shareholders giving the result of their first six months' working. It shows that they have crushed 771 tons, yielding 5,642 ounces 16 pennyweights 6 grains—an average of 7 ounces per ton. The expenses incurred in the transport and treatment of this tonnage exclusive of mining, which are nominal, the auriferous rock being simply quarried) were as follows: Transport from mine to batteries, 1,689 pounds 5 shillings; crushing, 1,480 pounds. Total, 3,175 shillings 4 pence per ton. Taking the value of the gold at 100 shillings per ounce, we have a gross return of 20,031 pounds 19 shillings 9 pence; deduct expenses, 3,175 pounds 5 shillings, leaving a balance of 16,856 pounds 14 shillings 9 pence. Out of this the shareholders have received in dividends 621 per cent. on the paid-up capital of 15,000 pounds. With a view to avoiding the heavy charges for crushing and transport, the Sheba Reef Company has arranged for the construction of a tramway from their properties to the crushing-mills sites, where they intend erecting at least 20 stamps, to be driven by a turbine, to work up to 150 stamps, and when this is completed the exceptional richness of the Sheba reef will be fully evidenced.

Weekly shipments of native gold from the fields may now be looked for, the Donald Currie steamer of this week taking 4,500 ounces of the declared value of 17,150 pounds. For this present year the total export will be about 150,000 pounds, but next year, when several millions of the same will be fairly at work, it is estimated that it will advance to at least three-quarters of a million.

On the Witwatersrand fields, between Pretoria and Heidelberg, some of the capitalists of Kimberley have secured gold properties from which wonderful results are also expected. Mr. Knight, who has been long and faithfully known in connection with successful mining enterprises at the diamond fields, has secured mining rights on the farm of Driefontein, where prospecting work has resulted in the discovery of four conglomerate gold-bearing reefs, giving together a total thickness of about three and a half miles in length, with a proved depth of about 100 feet. Adjacent to this Messrs. Rhodes, Rudd, and Caldecott have purchased for 10,000 pounds the properties of Driefontein and Witkopjes; and several other syndicates and individuals have recently acquired mining rights in the same neighborhood. When companies are organized and mills set to work it is expected that these fields will give an average return of an ounce per ton, and that the total cost of extracting the gold, mining royalties, and other charges will not be more than 15 shillings per ton.

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MECCA OF CHESS-PLAYERS.

A Pen Picture of Some Notable Characters—Memories of Paul Morphy Recalled.

(Correspondence Kansas City Journal.)

As a dabbler in chess I have often taken occasion during my sojourn in Paris to spend an idle hour at the Cafe de la Regence. This time-honored temple of Caisa is the Mecca of chess-players. Pilgrims from the four quarters of the globe visit it with curiosity and respect. Though London is the centre of the chess world, yet the Englishman has no such long sweep of his torrid associations as the French Regence. Built on the spot where Henry IV. made his victorious entry into Paris the Cafe de la Regence maintains the genius loci, and is a perpetual battleground of kings.

As a monument of the past, its name is itself a history, and bears witness to a corner-stone laid in the early part of the eighteenth century, or more than 150 years ago.

Indeed the Regence is such a goodly age that among its original frequenters were Rousseau, D'Alembert, and Marmontel, who were all in their graves before the dawn of the present century.

It was the trysting-place of Robespierre. It does not boast of any tangible relic or souvenir of Robespierre, but it preserves a small table of gray marble on which the young Corsican laid many a game of chess to his friend Captain Bertrand. Years afterward, at St. Helena, where the great exile was allowed to do little else than to play chess he still played it badly. His memorial tablet at the Regence, bearing his almost illegible name, has been put to much service since his day, and has been the scene of many a more brilliant chess contest than he himself was ever able to wage. It is true that he won some rapid victories over Mue, de Remusat, yet all his recorded games, without exception, are of inferior quality.

The long line of magicians of the Regence, of course, with Philidor. He has proved to be the St. Peter of an unbroken apostolic succession. His canonicals were of a long past fashion—a powdered wig and knee-breeches. His portraits make him look like an American grandfather of continental days. I fancy him pondering his "pawns," which he called "the soul of his chess." He was the one Achilles of the game, and he died a death of the chess automaton, where he hid his tiny self from all spectators, like a mouse in a waincoat, and where daily, for many months, from his place of concealment, he moved the fatal fingers of grim wooden Turk who administered checkmate to lords and ladies, to princes and potentates, and to all other visitors who dared to play with him for being too drubbed. It was a long time before the cunning imp within was suspected by the curious world without.

A very different type of man from Monsieur Moruret, who was such a pigmy that he was able to wiggle his fingers under the king's hand, was the chess automaton, where he hid his tiny self from all spectators, like a mouse in a waincoat, and where daily, for many months, from his place of concealment, he moved the fatal fingers of grim wooden Turk who administered checkmate to lords and ladies, to princes and potentates, and to all other visitors who dared to play with him for being too drubbed. It was a long time before the cunning imp within was suspected by the curious world without.

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